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P O E M

Upon the Late

Glorious Successes

O F

Her MAJESTY's Arms, &c.

WILLIAM F. & V. J. Q.

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Upon the Late

Glorious Successes

O F

Her MAJESTY's Arms, &c.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of GODOLPHIN,

Lord High-Treasurer of ENGLAND.

By N. R O W E, Esq;

Extremum rediisse pudet.

L O N D O N: 7b

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A

ON THE LATE

Glorious Successes, &c.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the

LORD TREASURER.

WHILE Kings and Nations on thy Counsels wait,
And *ANNA* trusts to thee the *British* State;
While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry Foreign Coast,
Flies with the News of Empires won and lost,
Relates whate'er her busie Eyes beheld,
And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field;
While, with officious Duty, Crowds attend,
To hail the Labours of thy God-like Friend,
Vouchsafe the Muses humbler Joy to hear,
For Sacred Numbers shall be still thy Care,
Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,
Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful Train.

B

Yet

Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,
 Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aim
 To make thy Numbers equal to thy Theme,
 From Heav'n derive thy Verse, to Heav'n belong
 The Counsels of the Wise, and Battels of the Strong.
 To Heav'n, the Royal ANNA owes, alone,
 The Virtues which adorn and guard Her Throne;
 Thence is Her Justice Wretches to redress,
 Thence is Her Mercy and Her Love of Peace;
 Thence is Her Pow'r, Her Scepter uncontroll'd
 To bend the Stubborn, and repress the Bold,
 Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to assuage,
 To heal their Breaches and to sooth their Rage;
 Thence is that happy Prudence, which presides
 In each Design, and ev'ry Action guides;
 Thence is She taught Her shining Court to Grace,
 And fix the Worthiest in the worthiest Place,
 To trust at home GODOLPHIN'S watchful Care,
 And send Victorious CHURCHILL forth to War.

Arise ye Nations rescu'd by Her Sword,
 Freed from the Bondage of a Foreign Lord,
 Arise, and join the Heroine to Bless,
 Behold She sends to save you from Distress;
 Rich is the Royal Bounty She bestows,
 'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes.
 And thou Iberia! rouz'd at length, disdain
 To wear enslav'd the Gallick Tyrant's Chain.

For

For see! the *British* Genius comes, to cheer
 Thy fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War,
 With Her own glorious Fires their Souls She warms,
 And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.
 Unhappy Land! the Formost once in Fame,
 Once lifting to the Stars thy Noble Name,
 In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,
 The Western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear.
 Where is thy Pride thy conscious Honour flown,
 Thy ancient Valour and thy first Renown?
 How art thou sunk among the Nations now!
 How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,
 And dropt the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy Brow! }

Not thus of Old her Valiant Fathers bore
 The Bondage of the unbelieving *Moor*,
 But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,
 And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field,
 Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Moorish* Blood;
 Then in Heroick Arms their Knights excell'd,
 The Tyrant then and Gyant then they quell'd.
 Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move,
 And those, who fought for Freedom, sigh'd for Love,
 Like one, those sacred Flames, united live,
 At once they languish, and at once Revive,

Mike

Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,
 And blest the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.
 Nor frown ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;
 Tho' we disdain that Man should Man Subdue,
 Yet all the Free-born Race are Slaves alike to you.

Yet once again that Glory to Restore
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian Shore.
 With ecchoing Peals, at *ANN A's* high Command,
 Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowzy Land;
 High at their Head, *Iberia's* promis'd Lord,
 Young *Charles of Austria*, waves his shining Sword;
 His youthful Veins with Hopes of Empire glow,
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe,
 With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,
 Some happy Omen of a sure Success;
 Then leaps exulting on the Hostile Strand,
 And thinks the destin'd Scepter in his Hand.

Nor Fate denies, what first his Wishes name,
 Proud *Barcelona* owns his juster Claim,
 With the first Laurel binds his youthful Brows,
 And Pledge of future Crowns the mural Wreath bestows.
 But soon, the Equal of his youthful Years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty Line, appears;
 Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,
 (If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)

In

In Numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
 But nearer draws the black impending War;
 He views his Host, then scorns the Rebel Town,
 And dooms to certain Death the Rival of his Crown.

Now Fame and Empire, all the Nobler Spoils
 That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,
 Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,
 And fire their Breasts with more than Mortal Rage:
 Not lawless Love, not Vengeance, nor Despair,
 So daring fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
 As when Ambition prompts the Great to War,
 As youthful Kings, when striving for Renown
 They prove their Might in Arms, and Combat for a Crown.

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long
 Betwixt the Chiefs suspended Conquest hung;
 'Till forc'd at length, disdain'g much, to yield,
Charles to his Rival quits the fatal Field.
 Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,
 And ev'n the *British* Valour seems to fail;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that Extream,
 Conscious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,
 They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to share,
 Above Distress, unconquer'd by Despair,
 Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.

C

But

But lo! when ev'ry better Hope was past,
 When ev'ry Day of Danger seem'd their last,
 Far, on the distant Ocean, they survey,
 Where a Proud Navy plows its watry Way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with Joy descry,
 Upon the Chief's tall Top-Masts waving high,
 The *British* Cross and *Belgick* Lion fly.
 Loud, with tumultuous Clamour, loud they rear
 Their Cries of Extacy, and rend the Air,
 In Peals on Peals the Shouts Triumphal rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious Skies;
 While from below, old Ocean groans profound,
 The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound,
 Ring with the deafning Shock, and thunder all around.
 Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth express'd,
 Who by the fierce *Rutilian's* Siege distress'd,
 Were by the *Tyrbene* Aid at length releas'd;
 When young *Ascanius*, then in Arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other Want supply'd,
 And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd;
 Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the Fate of his Imperial *Rome*.

But oh! what Verse what Numbers shall reveal
 Those Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquish'd feel!
 Who shall Retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,
 And tell the Anguish of his labring Heart! What

What Paint, what speaking Pencil shall express
 The blended Passions striving in his Face!
 Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorse,
 With Thoughts of Glory past, the Loser's greatest Curse.

Fatal Ambition! say what wond'rous Charms
 Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms:
 When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battel won,
 The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,
 When all War gives, when all the Great can gain,
 Ev'n thy whole Pleasure, pays not half thy Pain.

All hail! ye softer happier Arts of Peace,
 Secur'd from Harms and blest with Learned Ease;
 In Battels, Blood, and Perils hard, unskill'd,
 Which haunt the Warrior in the fatal Field;
 But cheif, thee Goddess Muse! my Verse wou'd raise,
 And to thy own soft Numbers tune thy Praise;
 Happy the Youth inspir'd, beneath thy Shade,
 Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels laid!
 There safe, no Pleasures, there no Pains they know,
 But those which from thy Sacred Raptures flow,
 Nor wish for Crowns, but what thy Groves bestow.
 Me, Nymph Divine! nor scorn my humble Pray'r,
 Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,
 Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate,
 Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be Great, Me

Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring,
 Where secret thy Celestial Sisters Sing,
 Fast by their Sacred Hill, and sweet *Cassian* Spring.

But Nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince employ,
 And raise his Heart with high Triumphant Joy;
 From hence a better Course of Time rolls on,
 And whiter Days successive seem to run.
 From hence his kinder Fortune seems to date
 The Rising Glories of his future State,
 From hence! — But oh! too soon the Hero mourns
 His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconstant Turns.
 In vain, his echoing Trumpets loud Alarms,
 Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms;
 Careless of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate,
 In sullen Sloth supinely Proud they fate;
 Or to be Slaves or Free alike prepar'd,
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard,
 Untouch'd with Shame, the Noble Strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the Field;
 But fought, in the cool Shade, and Rural Seat,
 An unmolested Ease, and calm Retreat,
 Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull Indifference,
 Turn'd to their Rest, and left the World to Chance.

So when, commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,
Thaumatian Iris left the Realms above, And

And swift descending on her painted Bow,
 Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades below;
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy Head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred Message heard;
 Then with a Yawn at once forgot the Pain,
 And sunk to his first Sloth and Indolence again.

But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful Toil forsake,
 Some Task more pleasing to thy Numbers take,
 Nor chuse, in melancholy Strains to tell,
 Each harder Chance the juster Cause beset.
 Oh rather turn, auspicious turn thy Flight,
 Where MARLBOROUGH'S Heroick Arms invite,
 Where highest Deeds the Poet's Breast inspire
 With Rage divine, and fan the sacred Fire.
 See! where at once *Ramillia's* Noble Field,
 Ten Thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield.
 See! where at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprise;
 At once the wide extended Battels move,
 At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.
 The Roar ascends promiscuous; Groans and Cries,
 The Drums, the Cannons burst, the Shout, supplies
 One Universal Anarchy of Noise.
 One Din confus'd, found mixt and lost in Sound,
 Echo's to all the frightened Cities round.

D

Thick

Thick Dust and Smoak in wavy Clouds arise,
 Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies;
 While flashing Flames like Light'ning dart between,
 And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.
 Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Foam,
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter roam,
 Discord with Pleasure o'er the Ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds,
 While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,
 Shakes terrible her steely Whip from far,
 And with new Rage revives the fainting War.
 So when two Currents rapid in their Course
 Rush to a Point, and meet with equal Force,
 The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,
 Dashing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,
 And rising cloud the Air with misty Spry;
 The raging Flood is heard from far to roar,
 By lifting Shepherds on the distant Shoar,
 While much they fear, what Ills it should portend,
 And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midst, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,
 Is seen to press where Death and Dangers call,
 Where the War bleeds and where the thickest fall,
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting *Gaul*.

Like

Like Heat, diffus'd his great Example warms,
 And animates the Social Warriors Arms,
 Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,
 Makes the Young Hero's, and renews the Old.
 In Forms Divine around him watchful wait,
 The Guardian Genii of the *British* State,
 Justice and Truth his Steps unerring guide;
 And faithful Loyalty defends his Side,
 Prudence and Fortitude their MAJESTY guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his Labours chear'd,
 But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
 The Union Cross his Silver Shield did bear,
 And in his decent Hand he shook a Warlike Spear.
 While Victory Celestial soars above,
 Plum'd like the Eagle of Imperial *Force*,
 Hangs o'er the Chief, whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his Sword with sure Success,
 Dooms him the proud Oppressor to destroy,
 Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for joy.
 Such was young *Amnon* on *Arbela's* Plain,
 Or such the * Painter did the Hero feign, * *Le Brun.*
 Where, rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
 With graceful Ardor, and majestick Pride,
 With all the Gods of *Greece* and Fortune on his Side.

Nor long *Bavaria's* haughty Prince, in vain
 Labours the Fight unequal to maintain. He

He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*
 Shall share the Shame, and in one Ruin fall,
 Flies from the Foe too oft in Battel try'd,
 And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side;
 Then mourns his rash Ambition's Crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.
 So when *Aeneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,
 The Dreadful Forms of Hostile Gods survey'd,
 Hopeless he left the burning Town and fled,
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast Reward O *Europe*, shalt thou pay,
 To him who sav'd thee on this Glorious Day!
 Bless him ye grateful Nations where he goes,
 And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.
 In ev'ry Land in ev'ry City freed,
 Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,
 To MARLBOROUGH and Liberty decreed,
 Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raise,
 To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praise;
 To him your skilful Bards their Verse shall bring,
 For him the tuneful Voice be taught to sing,
 The breathing Pipe shall swell, shall sound the trembling String.

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever smiles
Britannia! noblest of the Ocean's Isles,
 Fair

Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy Waters reign,
 And stretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main,
 What Transports, in thy Parent Bosom roll'd,
 When Fame at first the pleasing Story told!
 How didst thou lift thy Tow'ry Front on high!
 Not meanly Conscious of a Mother's Joy,
 Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her *Jove*,
 How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy Choice approve,
 And fixt Success where thou hadst fixt thy Love.
 How with Regret his Absence didst thou mourn!
 How with Impatience wait his wish'd Return!
 How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay?
 How didst thou chide the Gods who rule thy Sea,
 And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to wait him on his Way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his Toil,
 Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;
 To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,
 He comes their Joy and grateful Thanks to share;
 Lowly he kneels before the Royal Seat,
 And lays his proudest Wreaths at *ANNA*'s Feet.
 While form'd alike for Labours or for Ease,
 In Camps to Thunder, or in Courts to please,
Britain's bright Nymphs make *MARLBOROUGH* their Care,
 In all his Dangers all his Triumphs share.
 Conqu'ring he lends the well-pleas'd Fair new Grace,
 And adds fresh Lustre to each beauteous Face;

E

Britain

Britain preserv'd by his Victorious Arms,
 With wond'rous Pleasure each fair Bosom warms,
 Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their Charms.
 Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store
 So Rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
 Now shines with Graces never known before;
 Fierce with transporting Joy she seems to burn,
 And each soft Feature takes a frightly Turn;
 New Flames are seen to sparkle in her Eyes,
 And on her blooming Cheeks fresh Roses rise;
 The pleasing Passion heightens each bright Hew,
 And seems to touch the finish'd Piece anew,
 Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,
 And mends the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful People round;
 Laborious Hinds inur'd to Rural Toil,
 To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,
 In homely Guise their honest Hearts express,
 And blebs the Warrior who protects their Peace,
 Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful Ravage of the wasting War.
 No rude Destroyer cuts the rip'ning Crop,
 Prevents the Harvest, and deludes their Hope;
 No helpless Wretches fly with wild Amaze,
 Look weeping back and see their Dwellings blaze;

The

The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,
 Nor hear the Threats of the insulting Foe.
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,
 The cheerful Voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various Bounties round.
 The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,
 Consenting join their Happiness to own,
 What Heav'n and *ANNA*'s gentlest Reign afford,
 All, is secur'd by *MARLBORÔ*'s conqu'ring Sword.

O Sacred, ever Honour'd Name! O thou!
 That wert our Greatest *William* once below!
 What Place foe'er thy Virtues now possess
 Near the bright Source of Everlasting Bliss,
 Where-e'er Exalted to Ethereal Height,
 Radiant with Stars, thou tread'st the Fields of Light,
 Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a while forsake,
 And deign thy *Britain*'s Triumphs to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight,
 To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,
 How fail'd Oppression, and prevail'd the Right.
 What once below, such still thy Pleasures are,
Europe and Liberty are still thy Care,
 Thy Great, thy Generous, Pure, Immortal Mind,
 Is ever to the Publick Good inclin'd,
 Is still the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind.

Behold,

Behold, where MARLBOROUGH, thy last best Gift,
 At Parting, to thy Native *Belgia* left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind Paternal Cares,
 Thy watchful Counsels, and laborious Wars;
 Like thee, extends his great assisting Hand,
 And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land,
 Like thee, aspires by Virtue to Renown,
 Fights to secure an Empire not his own,
 Reaps only Toil himself, and gives away a Crown.
 At length thy Pray'r, O Pious Prince! is heard,
 Heav'n has, at length, in its own Cause appear'd,
 At length *Ramillia's* Field atones for all
 The faithless Breaches of the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 At length a better Age to Man decreed,
 With Truth, with Peace, and Justice shall succeed,
 Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed.

One Triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
 Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* shall find;
 On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills
Louis the Force of Hostile *Britain* feels;
 Swift to her Friends distress'd her Succours fly,
 And distant Wars her Wealthy Sons supply;
 From slow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene a Name to ev'ry *Briton* dear;
 By tedious languishing Delays is held
 Repining, and impatient from the Field, While

While factious Statesmen riot in Excess,
 And lazy Priests whole Provinces possess,
 Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,
 And the starv'd Soldier sues for Bread in vain;
 At once with gen'rous Indignation warm,
Britain the Treasure sends, and bids the Hero Arm.
 Strait eager to the Field, he speeds away,
 There Vows the Victor *Gaul* shall dear repay
 The Spoils of *Calcinato's* fatal Day;
 Chear'd by the Presence of the Chief they love,
 Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd, each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,
 Forgets his Wounds, and calls him on to Lead;
 Again their Crests the *German* Eagles rear,
 Stretch their Broad Wings, and Fan the *Latian* Air;
 Greedy for Battel and the Prey they call,
 And point Great *Eugene's* Thunder on the *Gaul*.
 The Chief Commands, and soon in dread Array
 Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way;
 With hardy Marches and successful Haste,
 O'er ev'ry Barrier Fortunate they pass'd,
 Which Nature or the skilful Foe had plac'd.
 The Foe in vain with *Gallick* Arts attends,
 To mark which Way the wary Leader bends;
 Vainly in War's mysterious Rules is Wife,
 Lurks where tall Woods and thickest Coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a Conquest from Surprize.

F

Now

Now with swift Horse the Plain around 'em beats,
 And oft Advances, and as oft Retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he seems
 Secur'd by steepy Banks and rapid Streams;
 While River-Gods in vain Exhaust their Store,
 From plenteous Urns the gushing Torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost Margins to the Plain,
 And strive to stay the Warrior's Haste in vain;
 Alike they pass the Plain and closer Wood,
 Explore the Ford and tempt the swelling Flood,
 Unshaken still pursue their Steadfast Course,
 And wherethey want their Way, they find it or they force.

But anxious Thoughts *Saxo's* Great Prince infect,
 And roll ill-boding in his Careful Breast;
 Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,
 And sadly thinks on lost *Bavaria's* Fate,
 The hapless Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,
 An Exile meanly forc'd to beg Support,
 From the slow Bounties of a Foreign Court.
 Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his last Retreat,
 His Glory once and Empire's ancient Seat,
 He sees from far where wide Destructions spread,
 And fiery Shows the goodly Town Invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,
 And curse the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate.

But

But Great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;
 Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,
 Nor all the *Gallick* Pow'r his promis'd Aid delay.
 Like Truth it self unknowing how to fail,
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
 Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,
 Bound by the Law of *Jove's* Eternal Year;
 Thus constant to his Course sets out at Morn,
 Round the wide World in twice Twelve Hours is born,
 And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return.

Strait to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,
 Their Friendly Succour for the Brave prepare,
 And on the Foe united bend the War.
 O'er the steep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,
 At once they rush and drive the Rapid Fight;
 With idle Arms the *Gallick* Legions seem
 To stem the Rage of the restless Stream,
 At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the Field;
 Resistance ceases and 'tis War no more,
 At once the Vanquish'd own the Victors Pow'r;
 Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight,
 'Tis all or Conquest or Inglorious Flight;

Swift to their rescu'd Friends their Joys they bear,
 With Life and Liberty at once they Chear,
 And save 'em in the Moment of Despair.

So timely to the Aid of sinking *Rome*,
 With active Haste did Great *Camillus* come;
 So to the *Capitol* he forc'd his Way,
 So from the Proud *Barbarians* snatch'd the Prey,
 And sav'd his Country in one Signal Day.

From impious Arms at length O *Louis* cease!
 And leave at length the lab'ring World in Peace,
 Lest Heav'n disclose some yet more Fatal Scene,
 Fatal beyond *Ramillia* or *Turin*;
 Lest from thy Hand thou see thy Scepter torn,
 And humbled in the Dust thy Losses mourn;
 Lest urg'd at length thy own repining Slave,
 Tho' fond of Burthens, and in Bondage brave,
 Pursue thy Hoary Head with Curses to the Grave.

F I N I S.



